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PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND-CLASS RATES.



**THE CRIME OF BEING A DEMOCRAT.**

EXECUTIONER CLARKSON.—Sorry, old man, but a Recruit for the Campaign of 1892 beats a Veteran of 1861 with this Administration!



PUCK,  
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.  
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.  
Payable in advance.

Keppler & Schwarzmann,  
Publishers and Proprietors.  
Editor - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, April 30th, 1890. — No. 686.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE HONORABLE BENJAMIN HARRISON, President of the United States, is at present engaged in a task of such magnitude and audacity that he deserves to be watched with interest, and, if not with sympathy, at least with compassion. He is engaged in manufacturing a boom for himself, out of the most unsuitable materials, and under the most unpropitious circumstances. Now, if there ever was a man in American politics who has no natural right to a boom, who never was intended to have a boom, who, in fact, ought not, under any conditions, to fool with a boom, it is the Honorable Benjamin Harrison of Indianapolis. Nature never intended him to have a boom; his party never intended him to have a boom. He was nominated for the Presidency in 1888 largely because he was a man who might be relied upon not to have a boom, and therefore not to interfere with pre-existent booms.

But Mr. Harrison has made up his mind—and when the Harrison mind is made up, it is very much made up—that he can have a boom as well as the next man, and he has set to work to create one. The difficulty and delicacy of the job must be apparent to the most casual observer. The leaders of Mr. Harrison's party have their own booms to attend to, and have no possible use for any boom he may manufacture. Even Mr. Thomas B. Reed has been seized with a wild desire for a Presidential boom of his own; and Mr. James G. Blaine, who has the senior boom, who is the Dean of the Boomery, so to speak, is not likely to assist a new boom-builder with any amount of cordial sincerity.

This state of affairs certainly puts Mr. Harrison at a disadvantage. Of course, he has the federal patronage, and, of course, he is using it with the total disregard of his ante-election pledges, which is perhaps the most striking characteristic of his administration. But federal patronage alone will not avail to build up a boom, as many an ambitious President has discovered. In truth, the fact that there are two or three disappointed office-seekers to every satisfied and loyal office-holder makes the patronage boom "mighty onsartin."

Mr. Harrison needs other materials for his task. He has chosen them according to his lights. It is on the influence of Mr. John Wanamaker and the "influence" of Mr. Matthew Stanley Quay that he relies in attempting to lay a foundation for a renomination—on the Sunday-school influence and the tough "influence." There is not, we suppose, another politician in the country—if Mr. Harrison may be considered a politician—who would have undertaken this remarkable feat of sitting on two stools. One would think that even the dullest, the most self-conceited, the most narrow-minded man in the political field would have understood that he could not combine, as helpful allies, the very archetype of the sanctimonious, pretentiously pious amateur politician and the real politician who stands as the sign and symbol of everything that is corrupt, crooked and disreputable in politics. But that is something that Mr. Harrison does not understand, any more than he understands the significance of the Democratic majorities which have arisen in state after state to rebuke the weakness, the inconsistency, the mean partisanship and the bad faith of his administration.

Thus to strive to build up a boom is to command the compassion of every kindly heart. And if the compassion thus commanded is largely mixed with contempt, those who give it may feel sure that it inflicts no suffering upon Mr. Harrison. He may suffer when his party gives its Presidential nomination, in 1892, to another candidate; but it will not be because he has the slightest doubt of his value as a man or of his eligibility as a candidate.

"I'm sorry, Uncle Eph," remarked the brisk young man who had received the appointment as Postmaster at Grasstown Cross-Roads, "but politics is politics, you know, and it's my turn now." And he shouldered the box of pigeonholes, and with his crowd of political friends carrying the books and the post-mark stamps and the stamps to go on the letters, and the rest of the paraphernalia of the government business, he marched off to establish the Grasstown Cross-Roads Post Office in his own grocery,

which was an opposition establishment to the old shop of Uncle Eph Smith, the late Postmaster, a Democrat, and a veteran of the war of the Rebellion, whose official head had just been cut off by Mr. John Wanamaker, the eminent civil-service reformer of Washington, D. C. The crowd departed with jeering farewells, and only one old friend of the late Postmaster was left behind to condole with him.

"That's all right," said the old friend, "there'll be a Democratic administration in '92, sure's you're born, and you know that all you've got to do is to ask for the place and get it. And where will young Abrams be then?"

"He'll be where he is, far's I'm concerned," replied the Ex-Postmaster, with vigor. "You don't see me running no Post Office no more."

"Why, you can git it," expostulated his friend.

"You bet I can. Only I don't. Or ruther, I won't. I've worked enough for Doolittle."

"For Doolittle?"

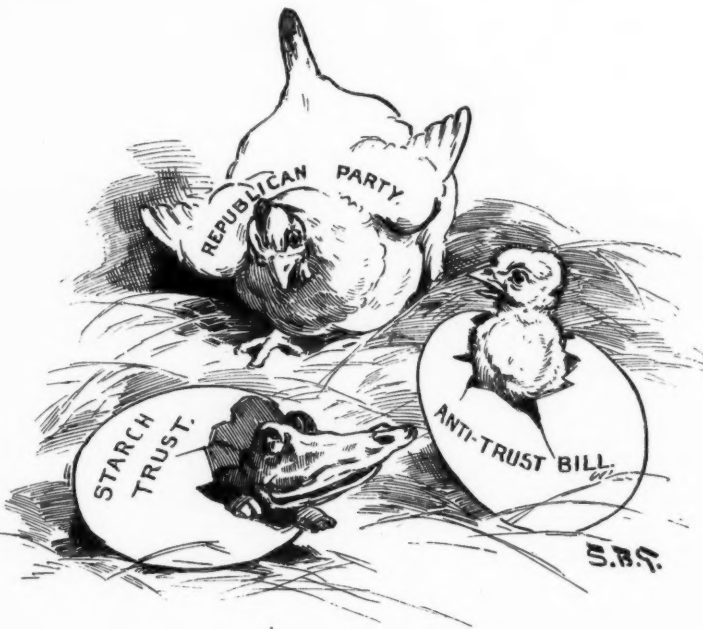
"For Philetus Doolittle, Congressman from this deestrick. I've ben doin' a lot of thinkin' lately, and I've jist about come to some conclusions. Why wuz I app'inted to this here place that I've be'n dumped out of? Because I wuz the best man for the place? Not much! What did I know about the Postmaster business? No more'n you do. Because I wuz a vet'ran? The Republicans bounce me for a kid who ain't voted but wunst. If that's how the Republicans consider a vet'ran, do the Democrats think any thing more of him? No, sir."

"I wuz appointed because Congressman Doolittle said I wuz the right man. Well, I wuz—the right fool. I'd be'n workin' for the Democratic Party in this deestrick, and that means workin' for Doolittle. I'm chairman of the Democratic Committee, President of the Democratic Club—I don't know what all. I've give my time to workin' for the party. D'ye know how much time I give 'em? No, ye don't. I figured it up. Days and evenin's, seventy workin' days in a year. An' for *energy*—steam—git-up-an' git—go—taken right out of my business, the Lord knows how much—I don't. While I've be'n foolin' around, workin' for the party, which means P. Doolittle, this young feller who's Postmaster to-day has be'n buildin' up his business an' takin' away mine. Why should n't he? I had a big business to look after, and he had n't none. He had loads of time to work for his Republican boss. I had n't ought to have spared no time at all from my business."

"Two hundred and seventy-five dollars a year I've made out of bein' Postmaster. I calklate it's cost me nigh onto five hundred a year to keep the party together in this town and elect Philetus Doolittle once every two years. But I've stopped. If Doolittle wants me to work for him again, he won't get me to do it by indoocin' me to claw around for no Post Offices, salary from Uncle Sam. He'll pay me cash, outer his own pocket."

"Eph," said his friend, rising to go, "misfortune has made you a Mugwump."

"Ef gittin' sense is bein' a Mugwump," said Eph, "Mugwump's me."



SIMULTANEOUSLY HATCHED.

REPUBLICAN HEN. — This is confusing!!



# FASHIONABLE ATHLETICS.



I.  
THE PLACE is full of hanging rings,  
And oak machines for rowing,  
A half-a-dozen flying swings,  
And pipes to test your blowing.

II.  
There are the horizontal bars  
And "parallels" together;  
And white kid gloves for him that spars,  
And punching bags of leather.

III.  
There are the clubs along a crack,  
And there the diamond-bases,  
And there the padded leather track  
Whereon the pacer paces.

IV.  
The filmy sky-blue jersey strikes  
Your view with brodered letters,  
And o'er the low-cut shoes with spikes  
Hang many heavy sweaters.

V.  
There are the foils against the wall,  
For parrying and lunging,  
And stuffy bags to break a fall,  
And crystal tanks for plunging.

VI.  
Full oft the members congregate,  
And everything is merry;  
Of politics they idly prate  
While sampling port and sherry.

VII.  
Throughout the afternoon these swells,  
Beside the window sitting,  
Ogle the lovely damosels  
Along the pavement fitting.

VIII.  
They judgement very gravely pass  
Upon the latest scandal —  
The awful facts devouring as  
The Russ devours a candle.

IX.  
They smoke the fragrant cigarette,  
Ne'er caring for the prizes —  
This ultra swell athletic set  
That never exercises.

R. K. M.



## TOO HARD A QUESTION.

MRS. MCBRYDE.—I want to order some baking-powder to-day, Henry. Which is the best kind?

MR. MCBRYDE.—You'll have to take it as you do your religion, Mary — on Faith!

## BOBBS UP EARLY.

BOBBS.—I could n't possibly sleep as late as you do. Why, I'm out of bed and as busy as a bee before five o'clock every morning.

DOBBS.—You don't say so! How long have you been doing that?

BOBBS.—Ever since baby came.

## HER IDEAL.

HE (*rejected*).—What can I do to win your favor?

SHE.—That's the point — you must n't do any thing.

## AN EXPERIENCED WOMAN.

"Do you know the nature of an oath, Madame?"

"I think so. All my husband's oaths are very ill-natured."

## THE SOCIAL VORTEX.

ROWNE DE BOUT.—Are you still in the swim?

UPSON DOWNES.—Yes; on my back just at present.

## FORGETTING HIS OWN RULE.

VANKLACK.—Tom, I want to give you a bit of advice.

BOARDMAN.—Well, what is it?

VANKLACK.—Never give a friend advice if you want to keep him.

BOARDMAN.—H'm! Do you want to break with me?

## ONE REMEDY.

MRS. MOTHERBY (*whose daughter has been bespoke by YOUNG TAIRPONE*).—My dear, Matilda fairly doats upon him.

MR. MOTHERBY.—Then we must find her an antidote. She can't have him.



## TOO FINE FOR HIM.

UNCLE SI (*who has received a smoking-jacket and cap from his nephew*).—Wa-al, I swow! I think extravagance has druv that boy clean out o' his head!

AUNT HETTY.—Why, I think the things are purty.

UNCLE SI.—Purty! I should say so! But d'ye think I'm crazy enough to wear them fine togs out to the smoke-house?



## THOSE PERSUASIVE WAYS.

HERMIA. — Guess who it is, Papa?

MR. GRUNDLES. — Let me see. I've paid the milliner and the dressmaker and the jeweler. This must be the florist.

## A ROMAN REFUTED.



GREAT CITY is very different from the country, and the Roman who undertook to furnish lexicographers with short and pithy sayings, ran very short of pith when he observed, "*Magna civitas, magna solitudo.*" There are in the magic West enormous towns which are, without doubt, enormous solitudes, except on paper; but a really great city is not a solitude: it is, on the contrary, a much frequented place.

Suppose that Timon, the new-fledged misanthrope, had gone to some town, set up his lodge, and remarked, "Timon will to the woods." Suppose that the sad lover Valentine, being not in the country but in a city, should have soliloquized:

"This shadowy city, unfrequented town,  
I better brook than flourishing peopled woods;  
Here can I sit unseen of any," etc.,

People would despise such talk.

Or, suppose that the exiled duke, when living with his friends in London, should have observed to them:

"And this our life exempt from public haunt,"

It would have been ridiculous. And we find that Shakspeare made the Duke say this when in the country. Shakspeare knew how to manage his dukes.

If we examine the matter honestly, we will find more solitude on a farm in Minnesota than in the most crowded part of Paris. Let us compare them.

Going down the Rue Malesherbes, from where it makes its confluence with the Boulevard Madeleine to where the Rue de la Paix debouches into the Boulevard Italien, one will encounter a throng of about two hundred thousand; and these, such is the nature of great cities, of about two hundred thousand different sexes, nationalities, colors and social ranks. That is, there will be two different sexes, and one hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight nationalities, etc. This proportion is derived from exact statistics.

But now look at the farm in Minnesota. Going down the wagon-lane to where the cow-path debouches into the stubble field, you will encounter

a throng of a bare thousand, and nine hundred and ninety-eight of the number will be potato-bugs; and of the others, one only will be a man, and the other another potato-bug which you missed in the first count, because it was in the man's whiskers.

I believe I have conducted my side of this debate with decency and calmness. I trust that the Roman will not in his reply descend to anachronism, and set up that, in observing "*magna civitas, magna solitudo,*" he had reference to Philadelphia.

Williston Fish.

## A SPRING SONG.

As down the garden path I go,  
The new-leaved trees that bend and blow,  
All sing this song to the breezes:  
"Apple-trees are a-bloom again,  
The sweet Spring-time has come again,  
With its usual diseases."

L. N. R.

## SEASONABLE.

MR. G. O. THAM. — Shears, I wish you would make a business suit for me; something that will be appropriate to this season.

SHEARS. — Yes, sir; here's a new piece of goods. We call it the "Broadway Mud."



## STANDING MATTER.

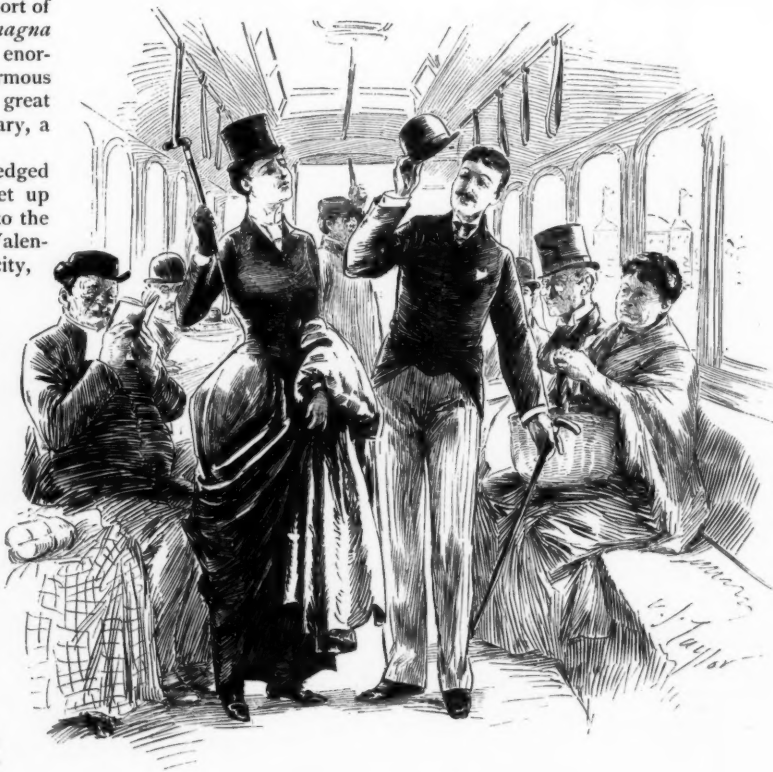
REPORTER. — I have just heard, sir, that Mrs. Footlights, the actress, is going to be separated from her husband.

CITY EDITOR. — All right; just give me a memo. of the names; the printer has the circumstances by heart by this time.

ALTHOUGH HARRISON habitually toes in, several thousand Democratic office-holders have found that he can toe out when he tries.

SOME OF OUR LEGISLATORS seem to have the same paternal regard for the public as that benevolent circus man who advertised: "Ladies are particularly requested not to allow the elephant to step on them."

BEFORE THE typewriter jumped so prominently into use, it was perhaps perfectly proper on the wit's part to call the author a pen-holder. But now! Well, no matter. The Lord knows the wives are jealous enough as it is.

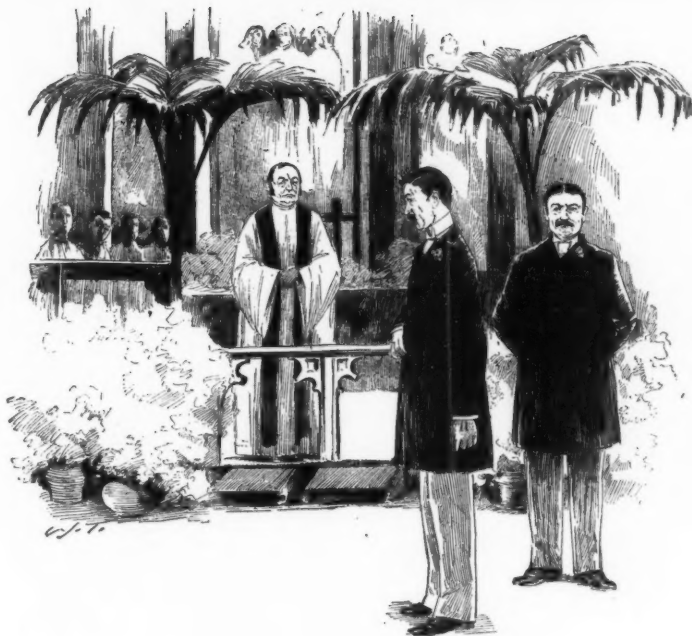


## AFTER THE PARK GALLOP.

TREDIGEE (*anxiously polite*). — Will you allow me, Madam?

MISS SADLER. — Thank you, but I've been sitting down all the afternoon.





## AT THE CHANCEL.

THE THOUGHTS of a bridegroom, as he awaits at the altar the arrival of his bride, may be supposed by the romantic to be filled with sublimity and rapture, while, if the truth were known, in most cases they run something like this:

"Now, where's Emily? I thought she was to come in at the church door as I came out of the vestry; of course, brides are generally late, but she made me a promise to be punctual. I don't doubt the best man has got me out here a full fifteen minutes too soon. That is what the matter is; well, at least, he has got to stand it as well as I.

"What a lot of people! all looking at me, of course, to see how I appear! I declare, I have a lively feeling for the lion in the circus show.

"There, I caught Mrs. Blenkinsop's eye; I suppose I must n't bow. But where the deuce am I to look and not catch people's eyes? Emily, Emily, the first thing I do after we're married will be to teach you punctuality. I think it must be twenty minutes since I came out here.

"There's an awful draught from the vestry door, and there is the best man sneezing. Hang it! what does he do that for? Every one is laughing.

"Seems to me the people are smiling at me, too. I wonder if there is any thing wrong about me? My collar is awfully uncomfortable; perhaps it has got unbuttoned behind, and is riding up over my coat. I don't like to put up my hand and feel; I'll nod my head, and perhaps the darned thing will settle into place.

"Gracious! there is Mrs. Blenkinsop nodding, too; she thought I bowed to her this time. Heavens! if Emily don't come in about a second, I shall begin to wish I had never started to go through this sort of thing.

"There's Rose Mathews; I used to be a good deal of spoons on her once; see her laugh! Of course, it is at the figure I cut up here; now she is whispering— She is looking mighty pretty; I wonder if she would serve a man this way?

"What in the world shall I do with my hands? The best man has his behind him; it looks rather easy and graceful. I'll try that; but, here, we can't stand here just alike, like the Siamese twins. The Rector has his hands clasped in front; I'll see how that goes; it won't do, it's more awkward than ever.

"No Emily yet! I'll read over the commandments behind the altar. Well, I shall break the third one in just a minute; and as for the fifth, I certainly shall not honor my parents-in-law for bringing Emily up no better than this. I'll read the fourth; it's a long one, and will distract me quite a while. (BEST MAN pinches him.) What under Heaven is the matter? Oh, the bridal party at last! Now, if I don't mistake one of the bridesmaids for the bride!" (But he does n't, and the service begins.)

E. V. T.



## THE RESCUE OF AN ACQUAINTANCE.

RAFFERTY (catching his first sheep's head).—Phin did youse fall overboard, Donovan?

## HERO WORSHIP.

"It's all rot. If I had written what Holmes has written, I would n't be famous," said Sneerwell.

"That may be so; but it works both ways. If Holmes had written the stuff you write, he would n't be famous."

## TALK IS NOT EXPENSIVE.

"Doolittle is a very eloquent man. You know he stumped the agricultural districts for Harrison and Protection. He did splendid work in the campaign, and his speeches tickled the farmers."

"Yes; I know that. But how did he make all his money? He's very rich!"

"Oh, he made most of it by ten per cent. loans on farm mortgages."

## WHAT WOMAN ALWAYS FORGETS.

MRS. BIRDOF (in her new dress).—Well, what do you think of me now?

MR. BIRDOF.—Humph! You're as proud as a peacock.

MRS. BIRDOF.—Why should n't I be?

MR. BIRDOF.—Why, you should! Your feathers are gorgeous, but your shoes are n't blacked!

## MULTUM IN PARVO.

MISS EAST.—Have you had any experience riding bucking bronchos in the West, Mr. Foote?

MR. T. FOOTE (just returned from some experiments in amateur ranching).—Oh, yes, a great deal.

MISS EAST.—You must have ridden a good many times?

MR. T. FOOTE.—On the contrary, Miss East, only once; but there was enough experience crowded into the brief moments which were required for the experiment to last me all of the rest of my natural life.

## HE AGREED.

MRS. CHATTY.—If there is any thing I do hate it's a tattler. Now, only this morning I heard that Mrs.—

MR. CHATTY (raising his hand).—Now, don't. I hate tattling, too!

## HE LIVED THERE.

MISS SANEWEWE.—My brother is a great traveler. He has just returned from a long journey in the East, and he has brought with him a very valuable collection of antiques—rare pieces of Arabian armor, old Egyptian coins, specimens of Oriental handiwork in carved ivory—

MR. GRANITE SLABB.—Funny I never came across any o' them things there.

MISS SANEWEWE.—Have you ever been in the East, Mr. Slabb?

MR. GRANITE SLABB.—Wuh! I live right daown thar in Skaowhegan, Maine.

THE PRETTIEST GIRL is the Queen of the May; but the furniture-mover is its King.

"CONFIDENCE is a plant of slow growth;" but the bunco-man forces it.

IT LOOKS as if that old song, "The Army and Navy forever!" was prophetic. Pensioners don't die off very fast.

WHY DO the heathen rage? Probably to keep warm without bothering about clothes.

COMING EVENTS cast their shadows before; but that is no reason for thinking that the future always looks dark.

THE MAN with a big family is a flat failure, from the landlord's point of view.





#### A DESPERATE ATTEMPT.

MR. IMSTEIN.—V'en you go t'roo, Isidore, yoost scrutch down a liddle—may be he don'd ask for der ticket.

TICKET CHOPPER.—Hol' on there—ticket for that boy!

MR. IMSTEIN (*with incredulity*).—You don'd expect me to pay for dot liddle child?

TICKET CHOPPER.—Call him little? He's big enough to shave. Where's his ticket?

MR. IMSTEIN.—Yoost holt on a moment, I vill told you dose cirgomstances—

TICKET CHOPPER.—Oh, come off! Produce the tick—didn' I see you buy it?

MR. IMSTEIN.—My frient, you vas excited,—ohf you vill liden von moment—

TICKET CHOPPER.—Don't gimme no chat, now—I want a ticket for that boy, see?

MR. IMSTEIN.—Blease don'd spoke so loud, my frient—dot vas dancherous for your health,—let me oxblain—

TICKET CHOPPER.—Say, are you goin' to put another ticket in that box or not?

MR. IMSTEIN.—My frient, I pletch you my vort, I haf draveled mit dot boy all ofer, und—

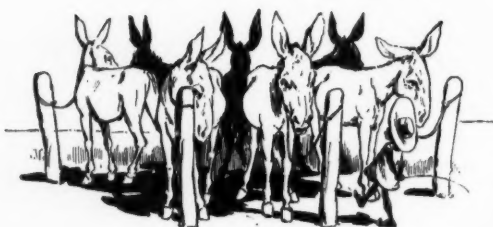
TICKET CHOPPER (*to COLORED PORTER*).—Here, Ben, mind the box till I—

MR. IMSTEIN (*dropping ticket in box*).—Dot vas a chenooine outraitch. I vill took your number, und I bate you it vas a colt day for you ven I rebort you by dot gompany! Dake holt ohf my hand, Isidore, dot train vas coming.

TICKET CHOPPER (*in loud voice*).—Fiftyeightstreettrain!

F. B. O.

#### A HINT TO KICKERS.



THE SEVEN MULES and LITTLE 'RASTUS.

#### LIKE A TRUST.

Abolish us Aldermen! Well, that's a new Proposition; but why should we scare? The public with us can have nothing to do, We're chiefly a private affair.

#### NOT A MARKER TO IT.

LECTURER ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—It is impossible to imagine the chaos that reigned—confusion and anarchy everywhere. In our more peaceful conditions we can not even imagine such a state of things.

MAN AT THE BACK OF THE HALL.—Yes, we can, Mister. Come up to our house; we're movin'.

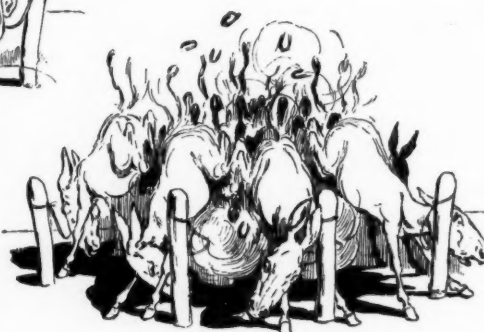
#### THE BRUTE!

MISS CASSY CORDA.—You've broken my heart!

TOM BLUNT.—Oh, well; accidents will happen!

LITERARY MEN often write shockingly bad hands, but we never hear of any of them P. S.-ing "Please excuse bad writing." They know that it won't be excused.

AFTER A "GOOD WORKER" gets a government job he does n't seem to think it necessary to work any longer.



LITTLE 'RASTUS and THE SEVEN MULES.

#### TOO POOR.

MR. J. B. GLOBE-TROTTER.—I notice you Americans buy vast quantities of foreign-made goods. Why don't you patronize home industries?

PROTECTED AMERICAN.—We can't afford it.

#### MORNING SONG OF THE MOCKING-BIRD. (Virginia.)

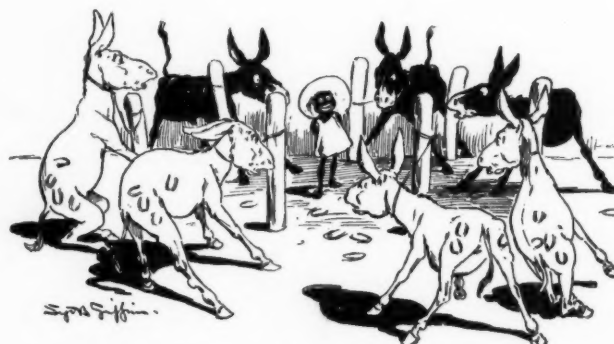
Sweet julep! sweet julep! sweet julep!  
Ice, ice, ice, ice!  
Get up! get up! get up!

(*da capo.*)

NECESSITY is the mother of invention; and likewise the father of lies.

BURIED ALIVE—Electric Wires.

NEW YORK soared high for the Fair, but Chicago's pen was mightier than her soared.



THE SEVEN MULES, LITTLE 'RASTUS and a MORAL.





## N ABSENT-MINDED MAN.

MY SWEETHEART is a poet; he is graceful,  
slim and tall;

His hair is dark and curly, and it's long;  
His face is like a saint, he can play and dance  
and paint,

And he'd charm you with the way he sings  
a song.

But he's always in a dream, and to strangers he  
might seem

Like a man without a purpose or a plan;

Yet he's not so very tame, for he gets there all the same,  
Though they reckon him an absent-minded man.

The editors all state that some day he will be great,  
That he "simply runs" where other people creep;  
Though to see him in his walk, and to listen to his talk  
You'd surely think the man was half asleep.  
But he never loses temper and he never seems to fret,  
And money to his pocket freely flows;  
That he don't know where it comes from 't would be very safe to bet,  
And safer, that he don't know where it goes.

I get so very nervous when he takes me out to dine,  
I often feel as though I'd like to scream;  
For I frequently prevent him adding catsup to his wine,  
And stop him putting salt in his ice cream.  
Yet he says I am an angel and the star that guides his life,  
And then, you know, he loves me all he can;  
Though I really don't suppose that he ever will propose, —  
He is such a very absent-minded man.

Geo. E. Devyr.

## A DAY IN THE FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

IN THE HOUSE yesterday, the bill appropriating \$200,000 for a public building at Coyoteville, Dak., was opposed by a member from Pennsylvania, who thought that a "city" of 300 inhabitants, six saloons, one gambling house, and ten dwellings should not ask for a \$200,000 public building, while towns of 15,000 and 20,000 inhabitants in his state were denied such a boon. The member from Dakota said that if there were a town of 10,000 people in Pennsylvania without a \$200,000 public building, it was a reflection on the enterprise and influence of the member from that district. The bill was reduced to \$125,000, and passed.

The bill granting a pension of \$20 a month to the civilians who witnessed the first battle of Bull Run, and participated in the masterly retreat to Washington, was considered. The member from the Steenth New York district opposed the bill on the ground that if the statesmen and other civilians had not accompanied the Union army, defeat would not have followed. After further discussion the bill was passed.

The bill appropriating \$150,000 for a public building in Grassville, Ind., was passed.

A bill granting \$50 a month to the widow of a drafted man who was fatally injured while fleeing to Canada, went over without action.

A member from Colorado introduced a bill asking for an appropriation of \$500,000 for a public building in Wild Cat Centre. Wild Cat Centre, he said, had only 150 inhabitants now, but he thought it would have at least 300,000 by the time it got the \$500,000 appropriation.

After passing sixty-four private pension bills the House adjourned.

In the Senate, the House bill, granting pensions to old maids who attribute their single-blessedness to the large number of young men killed during the war, was passed.

A bill appropriating \$250,000 for a public building in Coon Hollow, Wis., was read. It was explained that Coon Hollow at present consisted of a tavern, a wheelwright shop, and two dwellings; but it was argued that a \$250,000 public building would induce immigrants to settle there, and a town would soon grow up. The bill was passed.

The bill appropriating \$110,000 for a public building in Snakedale, Ill., was passed.

After passing one hundred and forty private pension bills the Senate adjourned.

IV.

## ADDICTED TO POKER PHRASES.

REPORTER.—Have you seen Patti this morning?

ELEVATOR BOY.—Yes; I saw her and raised her.

## THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT, ETC.

THE PRESIDENT.—Do you suppose they have forgotten us out in our old Indianapolis home, Benny?

BENNY.—I guess they have n't forgotten *you*, Grandpa, by the size of the Democratic majority out there.

## HOW NATURE WAS CHEATED.

FIRST SENATOR FROM MONTANA.—I tell ye, pard, I feel mighty sneakish about takin' that seat.

SECOND SENATOR FROM MONTANA.—Same here, pard. By jinks, when they made Hoar an' them fellers Senators, they sp'ilt a derned likely lot o' hoss-thieves!

## A MCKINLEY EPIC.

There was an old negro, and his name was  
Uncle Ned,

And he lived a long, long time ago;  
He had no wool on the top of his head,  
So he voted for a tariff on carpets.

THIS is the happy time of year when the tenant asks for a new roof, a larger cellar, a hundred dollars' worth of wall-paper, a more commodious kitchen range, an acre more of ground, and a dining-room extension, in the hope of getting a reduction of five dollars a month on his rent.



## INJUSTICE DONE.

"Is there much drunkenness in this town?"  
"I dunno. I don't think the place is quite as red as it's painted."

T. REED NOW seems to be the Republican party; and the Republican party seems to be t-reed.

ONE OF our society girls is going to take her poodle to the laundry to have his muzzlin' done.

THE AFRICAN explorers stand by each other most when they seem to quarrel. Emin has gone back into the Dark Continent, to lose himself again, so that Stanley's occupation may not resemble that of Othello in its "goneness."

BOB INGERSOLL does not believe in Wyoming. In fact, Bob does not believe in any future state.



## HE WAS BUT HUMAN.

MANAGER.—Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Herrlar, the great magician, who will perform the miraculous feat of discovering while blindfolded the smallest article that may be hidden by any one in the audience, is unavoidably detained, but will appear on the stage in a very few moments.



(Seventeen seconds later.)

—Now, Mr. Herrlar, for heaven's sake send a boy out for a collar button, if you can't find the one you dropped. The audience won't stand this long.

A SPRING FRESHET — THE HIGHEST WATER ON RECORD — AND STILL RISING.

JOHANN LITH. CO. NEW YORK, N.Y.

*J. Keppler*





PUCK.



## JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.



ONCE UPON a time there was a politician who was so popular that he had a target company named after him; and in consequence of that, and the expenses he was obliged to incur in doing his duty to his party, he became so poor that after his death his widow and son Jack were compelled to move up the great goat zone in Harlem.

And it was a great grief to the poor widow to find that her son Jack, as he grew up, took no pains to ingratiate himself with the solid men of his party, but spent his time with a parcel of foolish young Mugwumps, investigating what they called abuses, and playing a new game of

civil service reform. They made so much noise with their games that the neighbors complained to Jack's mother, saying that the boys had formed a revolutionary society, with the name "ballot reform" as a watchword, and that its object was to take away the right of suffrage from every poor man who could not speak French and read Ibsen's plays. The widow was much distressed when she heard this, and calling her son to her she upbraided him for his idleness, and asked him how much he had earned by playing silly games when he should have been making himself solid with his party.

Now, all that Jack had to show was a hatful of beans, and when his mother saw them she was so angry that she threw them out of the window, and bade her son go forth and earn his living as a practical politician, as his father had done before misfortune overtook him.

But the beans were not real beans, but the suffrages of Jack's associates, of whom there were now a large number in the neighborhood; and the seeds thus carelessly sown sprung up during the night, so that when Jack arose the next morning he found a huge beanstalk, whose topmost branches reached far up into the clouds above him.

And as he was of an adventurous turn of mind, he determined to climb the beanstalk, and forthwith began the ascent. He went steadily upward until he found himself at the top, where there was a city with streets as steep and rocky as mountainsides. On one of the hills of this city was a huge building surmounted by a great glistening dome, the abode of the Giant Hayseed. Jack entered this building, and concealed himself to await the ogre's return. It was not long before the Giant entered, threw himself into a cushioned chair, placed his cowhide boots on a desk of polished rosewood, and exclaimed:

"Fe, fo, fi, fump!

I smell the blood of some Mugwump!"

But a lobbyist, who was beside him, calmed him by saying that it was merely a college professor passing through the city on his way out West to collect information regarding the tariff. Then the Giant called for his bags of gold, and Jack recognized among them one that had been stolen from his father years ago. It was labelled "assessments." Before long the Giant fell asleep, and Jack crept forth, seized the bag of gold, ran swiftly to the beanstalk, climbed down, and entered his mother's cottage. He kept the money which had been his father's, and restored to other people in the neighborhood that which rightly belonged to them.

And so greatly were all the neighbors pleased, that when the next season came they besought him to climb the beanstalk again, and see what he could do for them. So Jack bade farewell to his mother, and started once more up the tall stalk. He found himself again in the city of many hills, and went to the abode of the Giant Hayseed. Presently the Giant returned laden with the spoils of the chase. He laid aside his gun, which was marked, "A-Bill-to-dig-up-all-the-Sewers-in-the-Brown-stone-District-and-put-them-down-again-so-as-to-give-a-Day's-Work-to-the-Laboring-Man."

And he called for his magic harp, and bade it play for him till he fell asleep. And Jack knew that it was the harp which had been stolen years ago, and was greatly mourned by all the people who dwelt near him. It was the harp which used to play while they drank their beer in the pleasant Summer gardens; and that, too, on Sundays as well as week days in the happy time long before. Jack had often heard the neighbors tell of this wonderful harp,



## MAY DAY; OR, THE EMPTY ROOM.

Said this Poet: "I've pawned my last Lares!  
Now welcome thou glad month of Spring!  
Thy victory, Sheriff, where is it?  
And Eviction, Oh, where is thy sting?"

and of how it had been carried off by a Giant armed with a club called "Sunday Laws." And he said to himself:

"I will take the beautiful harp, and restore it to the people from whom it was stolen."

So, as soon as the Giant had fallen asleep, he seized the harp and ran swiftly with it to the beanstalk, climbed down, and appeared before his mother with the harp under his arm. Great was the delight of the people when the harp was restored to them, and they could sit under the trees of the public gardens and listen to its music while they drank their beer or wine. And the next year they insisted upon Jack's making another journey up the beanstalk.

So Jack again sought the great building where the Giant dwelt, and concealed himself to await his return. And when the Giant arrived he called for his favorite hen, and it was brought and placed before him. And the name of the hen was New York, and the Giant Hayseed commanded it to lay an egg, and it did so. Jack saw that the egg was made of pure gold and that it was called "School Assessment." And the Giant commanded it to lay more eggs, and they were all of pure gold. And at last Hayseed grew tired of this amusement and fell asleep; and then Jack came forth from his hiding place and seized the hen, and ran away with it as fast as he could. But one of the Giant's satellites saw him, and he cried out: "Awake, oh, Hayseed! for the hen is stolen!"

And the Giant arose, and saw Jack making off with the most precious of all his possessions, and he pursued him to the beanstalk, and seeing the intrepid youth half-way down, with his hen under his arms, he started to descend also. Now, there was one branch of the beanstalk marked "Popular Ignorance," which Jack had never used, because he doubted its strength, and on this branch the Giant entrusted his great weight. Jack reached the bottom in less than no time, and summoned all the neighbors to his assistance. With their reform axes they cut the rotten branch by which the Giant was descending, and he fell to the ground and was destroyed.

And after that, whenever the hen laid a golden egg it was divided among the neighbors, and they became rich and prosperous, and lived many years to enjoy the blessings which Jack had obtained for them.

J. L. Ford.



## CHILDREN SHOULD BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD.

MRS. CALL. — Who is that gentleman that bowed, Puttson?

MR. PUTTSON CALL. — Oh, that's Stout — the one that had so much trouble in securing a seat on the Exchange last week.

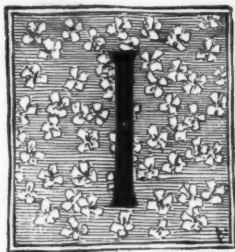
LITTLE MAMIE CALL. — No wonder he had trouble; I s'pose his chair must have cost an awful lot.

THE DOG in pursuit of rabbits does n't mind the wear and tear to his pants, if he has his overhauls.

PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH —  
The Man Who Won't Take Out a License on His Dog.



## A CARD.



**I**T HAS lately come to my ears that a gentleman by the name of William Fish is a writer of charming Indian stories for the press, which have won a world-wide fame, so that the author has long been admired among all English-speaking people.

It is, I think, then, only the part of modesty for myself, who bears by fortune somewhat a similar name, publicly to point out that mine should not be the credit for Mr. William Fish's addition to our Indian belles-lettres; and to show myself as properly acknowledging to a lack of any ownership in his large and immense collection of laurels.

At the same time, while entering this disclaimer to any literary fame not my own, it may not be amiss to relieve Mr. William Fish of any charge that he is the author of my own work, as it would be manifestly a wrong to confound his solid and enduring contributions to our best flash literature with any light and ephemeral work of my own.

I trespass thus much upon the ear of the general public, trusting that Mr. William Fish and myself may hereafter escape confusion; and I beg our gentle friends to allow that writer and myself to remain each in his own field—each, if I may use the phrase, sovereign in his own domain, Mr. William Fish guiding the unerring bullet of the Boy Bravo into the breast of Buckskin Emanuel, and myself exploiting the humor of a lovely but by-gone Past.

Williston Fish.



## THE BEST HE KNEW HOW.

DE BRIGGS.—What are you trying to do, Gibbs?

GIBBS.—New trick. Trying to drop that copper off my nose into the funnel.

DE BRIGGS.—Huh! That's easy. Lemme try it.

## GARDEN HOSE—The Garter.

A FORGOTTEN NONDESCRIPT in green morocco and gilding, labelled [*Rare*], will bring more than a "Paradise Lost" out at elbows. Poor gentlemen may be found everywhere; but Lord knows the fictitious value that the Republican High Tariff places on everything "Imported."

"IN THE '400' AND OUT."

By C. Jay Taylor. For Sale by all Booksellers. Price, \$1.00.

## THE HARRISON SARCASM.

SECRETARY BLAINE (to Mr. HARRISON, who is tapping him on the back).—I beg your pardon; but what are you doing?

THE PRESIDENT (thinking of his soldier experiences).—Oh, excuse me; beating the tattoo, that was all.

## HIS SPHERE.

BLEECKER.—I don't know what I am going to do with that boy of mine, he is so snobbish.

BOND.—Better make him editor of a "society" paper.

## DRIVEN FORTH.

"They say the Princess of Wales is proficient in the art of hammering brass."

"So? Well, then, I don't wonder the Prince has gone abroad for his health."

## A LITERARY TRUST.

"Miss Braddon has made a fortune out of literature. This talk about the downtrodden author is nonsense."

"But, my dear fellow, you forget. Miss Braddon has married her publisher."

## THEIR COMMON GROUND.

The Pessimist cries: "Come, be gay!"

Things can't be worse—away with sorrow."

The Optimist: "Rejoice to-day, Because of what will be to-morrow!"

## NOT ON EQUAL TERMS.

"Tommy," said his favorite uncle, "you can never catch Rover. Stop chasing him, and tell me what you want for a birthday present."

"Oh," gasped Tommy, "just give me two hind legs and a tail!"

## "PAY ON PUBLICATION."

REEDER.—How are those jokes of yours coming out that you sent to the paper some time ago?

DE RUYTER (who has lost patience).—I guess they'll come out with beards!

## A MAN OF EXPERIENCE.

VON SELTERS.—What is the correct translation of the motto of Maryland: *Fatti Maschii, Parole Femine*?

BENEDICT.—Manly Deeds, Womanly Words.

VON SELTERS.—What do you understand by a "Womanly Word?"

BENEDICT.—The last.

THE RECEIVER is as bad as the thief; but neither of them feels as bad as the loser.



(He tries it.)

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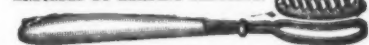
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Some  
Children  
Growing  
Too Fast

become listless, fretful, without en-  
ergy, thin and weak. But you can for-  
tify them and build them up, by the  
use of

**SCOTT'S  
EMULSION**

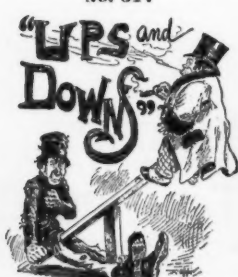
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND  
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Of Lime and Soda.

They will take it readily, for it is al-  
most as palatable as milk. And it  
should be remembered that AS A PRE-  
VENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS,  
IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS  
UNEQUALLED. Avoid substitutions offered.

NO APOLOGY NEEDED.

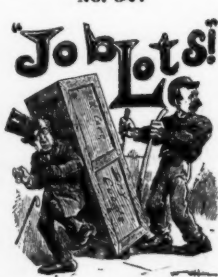
"Pardon me," as the polite burglar said to the Governor  
of the State. — *New York Press*.

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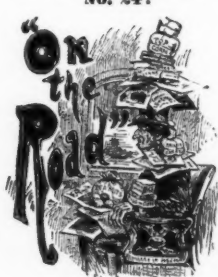
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## AN IMPOSITION.

ATTENDANT (in art gallery).—You must leave your  
umbrella at the door, sir.

MR. GREENE.—Leave my umbrella here? Young man,  
I'd think, bein' as you're hired by a art gallery you might  
have more sense about art. If I don't have my umberel  
how 'm I goin' to point out the beauties of the picturs to  
my darters? — *New York Weekly*.

## PA'S DEFINITION.

JIMMY DOBSON.—Pa, what is an amateur angler?

DOBSON.—An amateur angler, my son, is a man who  
can't lie well enough to make a living out of it, but just  
enough to keep himself amused. — *Lawrence American*.

## CAN'T DO BOTH.

HARRY.—Are you singing in the choir now?

HOWARD.—No; I have joined the church. — *N. Y. Press*.

"PLEASE give me a copper, sir?"

Was the beggar's pleading wail.

But the copper came with club in hand

And marched him off to jail. — *Texas Siftings*.

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AN Ohio man advertises that he is running the only  
strictly third-class hotel in America. If certain St. Joseph  
landlords have a grain of professional pride they will indig-  
nantly deny this assertion. — *St. Joseph News*.

A WESTERN humorist writes in his shirt sleeves. Well,  
that 's all right. That 's where his "funny bone" is located.  
— *Yonkers Statesman*.

5th Crop, PICKINGS FROM PUCK. 25c.

WHEN you go into politics, give your character to the  
devil and your pocketbook to your wife. When you come  
to your senses after awhile you may by this means save  
something. — *Lawrence American*.

MEN are inclined to get out of order in the Spring. So  
are watches. — *Yonkers Statesman*.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know what kind of an ani-  
mal a sun dog is? Well, we should say, a "setter." — *Bos-  
ton Commercial Bulletin*.

AN exchange speaks of certain Anarchists "loaded for  
bear," and "after a certain monopolist." "Bear" is evi-  
dently a misprint for "beer." — *Norristown Herald*.

NOBODY knows how weak a blow he can strike until he  
tries it. — *Atchison Globe*.

SINCE the month of May has no "r," oysters will soon be  
out of season for a spell. — *Rome Sentinel*.

"IN THE '400' AND OUT." — PRICE, \$1.

SOMEONE has said, "The people like tyrants." May be  
that is why the people get married. — *Lawrence American*.

THE man who knew how to run a paper to everybody's  
satisfaction was, unfortunately, one of those unlucky in-  
dividuals who missed getting aboard the ark. — *Ex*.

IT is no sign of prosperity that the man who never adver-  
tises is doing business at his old stand still. — *Rome Sentinel*.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTH-  
ING SYRUP for Children Teething. It soothes the child, softens the  
gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

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YOU GET THE KINK?  
When the "culchahed" Miss Treaks  
Of her ancestry speaks—  
Which she does with ahems and ahas—  
She does n't recite  
Of her forefathers quite,  
She calls them her ante papas. — *Yonkers Gazette.*

WHEN you see a woman who makes a struggle to keep up appearances, you do not have to look far to find a man who is struggling to keep down expenses. — *Atchison Globe.*  
"IN THE '400' AND OUT."—PRICE, \$1.

A DISCOURAGING ADDITION.  
CORA.—Does n't it make you feel nice for people to remark how well you are getting on?  
MERRITT.—Yes, unless they add "they can't understand it." — *Lippincott's Magazine.*

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**FRESH FRUIT JAMS,**  
Made from English Fresh Fruits  
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**ARE SOLD BY ALL GROCERS**  
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OTHER men's sins always find them out; mine find me in.—*Ashland Press.*



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NO PLEASURE WITHOUT THEM.  
FIRST CHICAGO MAIDEN (at the theatre).—O Girls! We've forgotten something!  
CHORUS.—Oh, what is it?  
"Our peanuts."  
"Gracious! Let's go home." — *Lawrence American.*  
MANY a man who is a good shot in this world hopes to miss fire in the next. — *Boston Commercial Bulletin.*  
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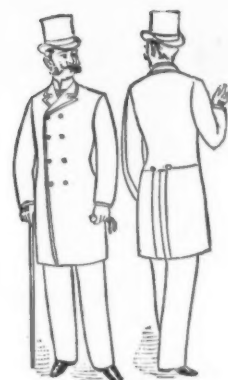


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**JOHN HILLARD** writes from Olin-  
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bodied men, make it a Santa-crusade.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

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AT A SOIREE.

MISS GUSHLERE.—How torturing, how fearful the  
thought must be for a great singer to know she has lost her  
voice!

MR. PRACLERE.—It's much more torturing when she  
does n't know it.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

THE only reason some men get married is that they may  
put things in their wife's name.—*Atchison Globe.*

"STRANGE, is n't it," remarked Punby, as he was walking  
along Beacon Street, "that these numberless houses all  
have numbers?"

"That is a figure," said his friend, "that I do not under-  
stand."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

THIS Spring seems to be a little sprung.—*Boston Com-  
mercial Bulletin.*

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*but inquire first. Correspondents will please mention "Puck."*

THE buzz-saw is generally temperate, but once in a while  
it takes "two or three fingers."—*Boston Com'l Bulletin.*

THERE won't be enough ice this Summer to keep Foraker  
on.—*Philadelphia Times.*



SHE GOT 'EM.

MAY.—Oh, Harold, I'm so hungry; don't you think we might have some oysters?

HAROLD.—They are not good in May, my Precious; no "R" in the month, see?

MAY.—Yes, I see; but, you know, my name is really Mary.—*Providence Journal.*

"I wish I were an oil painting," remarked young Hard-up, sadly.

"Why?" inquired his friend.

"So that I could get hung up."—*St. Joseph News.*

A HOUSE-CLEANER'S MOTTO—Never beat a carpet when it's down.—*Light.*

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**G. F. MILBURN, the great Wagon Maker of Toledo, Ohio,**  
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WUMSLEY.—I see the poets nowadays have a great deal  
to say about "Unheard Music."

DIMLEIGH.—Yes; it is very fine. I wish the people  
over the way—who have two pianos—would send for some  
and play nothing but it.—*Light.*

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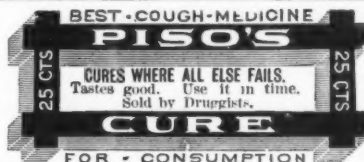
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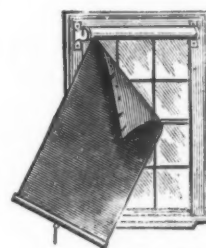
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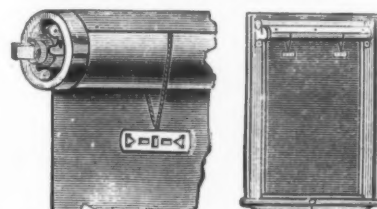
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WHEN Johnny Freshfield stoops to folly,  
And buys a chain from peddler's tray,  
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When all its gilt is washed away.  
—*Jewelers' Weekly.*



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